



#12
July

Suggested
For Mature
Readers

SLEEPER

season two

BRUBAKER
PHILLIPS



Sean
2005



--CALLED *IRONY*,
FUCKIN' DIPSHIT
MOTHERFUCKER.

CALLING
YOURSELF
BLACKWOLF
IS IRONIC?
HOW?



S'A FUCKIN' *JOKE*. I WAS COMIN'
UP, ANYTIME SOME SUPER-
POWERED NIGGA GETS ON THE
NEWS, IT'S ALWAYS--BLACK
THIS, BLACK THAT...

REMEMBER
THAT *BLACK*
TITAN?

I REMEMBER
THAT DUDE. BIG 'FRO
WITH MUTTONCHOPS.



YEAH. MOTHERFUCKER'S
FIFTY FEET TALL, STILL
NEED TO TELL EVERYONE
HE'S BLACK? *PSSHH*.

SO, I'M *BLACKWOLF*.
THE *BLACK WEREWOLF*.
S'A FUCKIN' *JOKE*.



IF YOU
SAY SO,
MAN.

YOU
JUST GOT
NO SENSE
A HUMOR,
BITCH.



WHATEVER.



HEY,
PIT? THIS
WAS THE
MEET-UP,
RIGHT?

YEAH.



SO, WHERE
THE FUCK EVERY-
BODY *AT*?



TEAM TWO TO
COMMAND.

WHAT'S THE
SITUATION?

WE'VE GOT
A **BLOODBATH**
HERE, SIR.



LOOKING
AT THIRTY TO
FORTY BODIES,
AT LEAST.

ALL
DEAD?

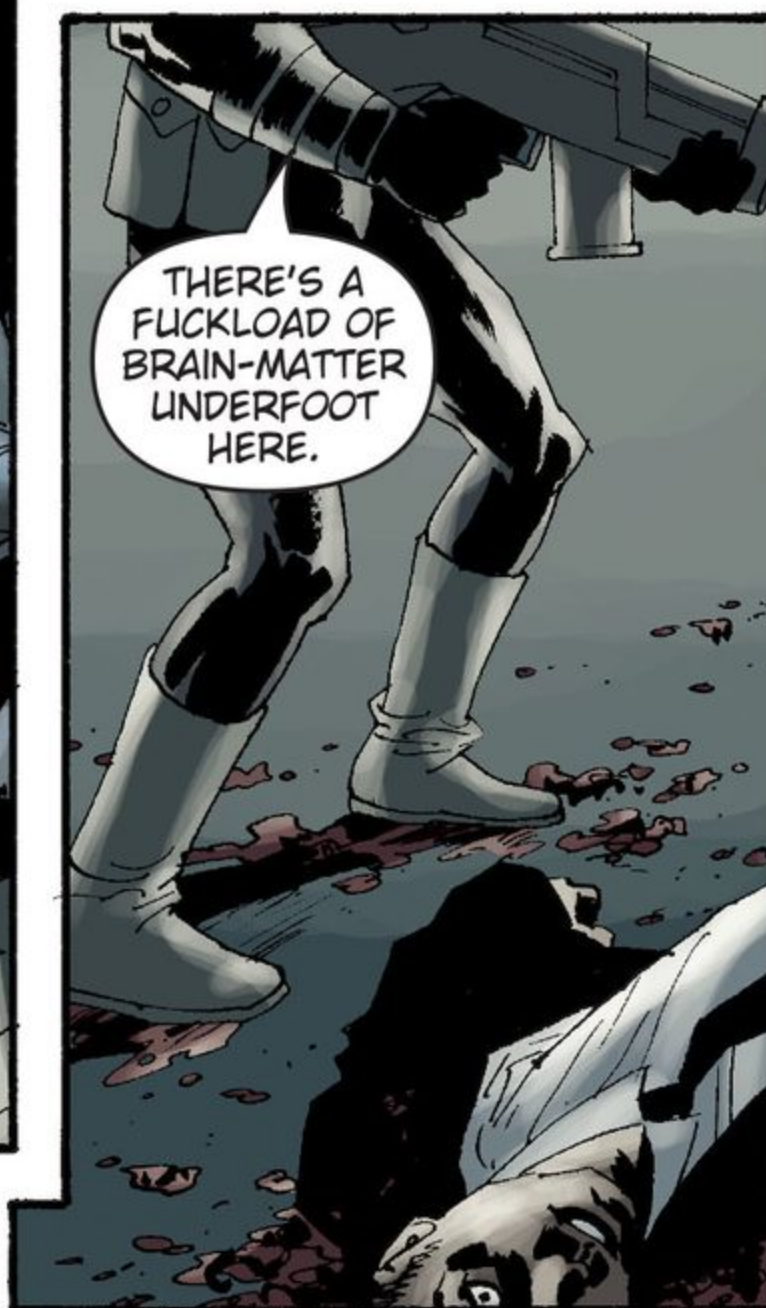


UNKNOWN AT THIS
TIME, SIR.

BUT IF I
HAD TO TAKE
A GUESS, I'D
SAY **YES**.



THERE'S A
FUCKLOAD OF
BRAIN-MATTER
UNDERFOOT
HERE.



IS THERE
ANY SIGN
OF THE
GRIFTER?

OTHER THAN
ALL THE DEAD
BODIES?

YES,
OTHER THAN
ALL THE DEAD
BODIES.



HEY, YOU GUYS
GOT A VISUAL
ON GRIFTER?

YEAH, I THINK
HE'S UNDER
HERE.

SOMEONE
HELP ME
MOVE THIS
SHIT...



JESUS...
IS HE
DEAD?



...NO...BUT
WILL SOMEONE
GET THIS ASSHOLE'S
DEATH-GRIP OFF
MY THROAT?



WE GOT HIM, SIR.
HE'S DAMAGED, BUT
HE'LL SURVIVE.

GOOD. EXECUTE
CLEAN-UP AND GET
HIM BACK TO BASE.
COMMAND OUT.





COMMAND
TO TEAM ONE.
ARE YOU AT THE
PICK-UP?



TEAM
ONE?



TEAM
ONE, COME
IN.



WE'RE
HERE,
SIR...



...BUT WE'VE
GOT A BIG
PROBLEM...

There's nothing left. Nothing left to fight for...



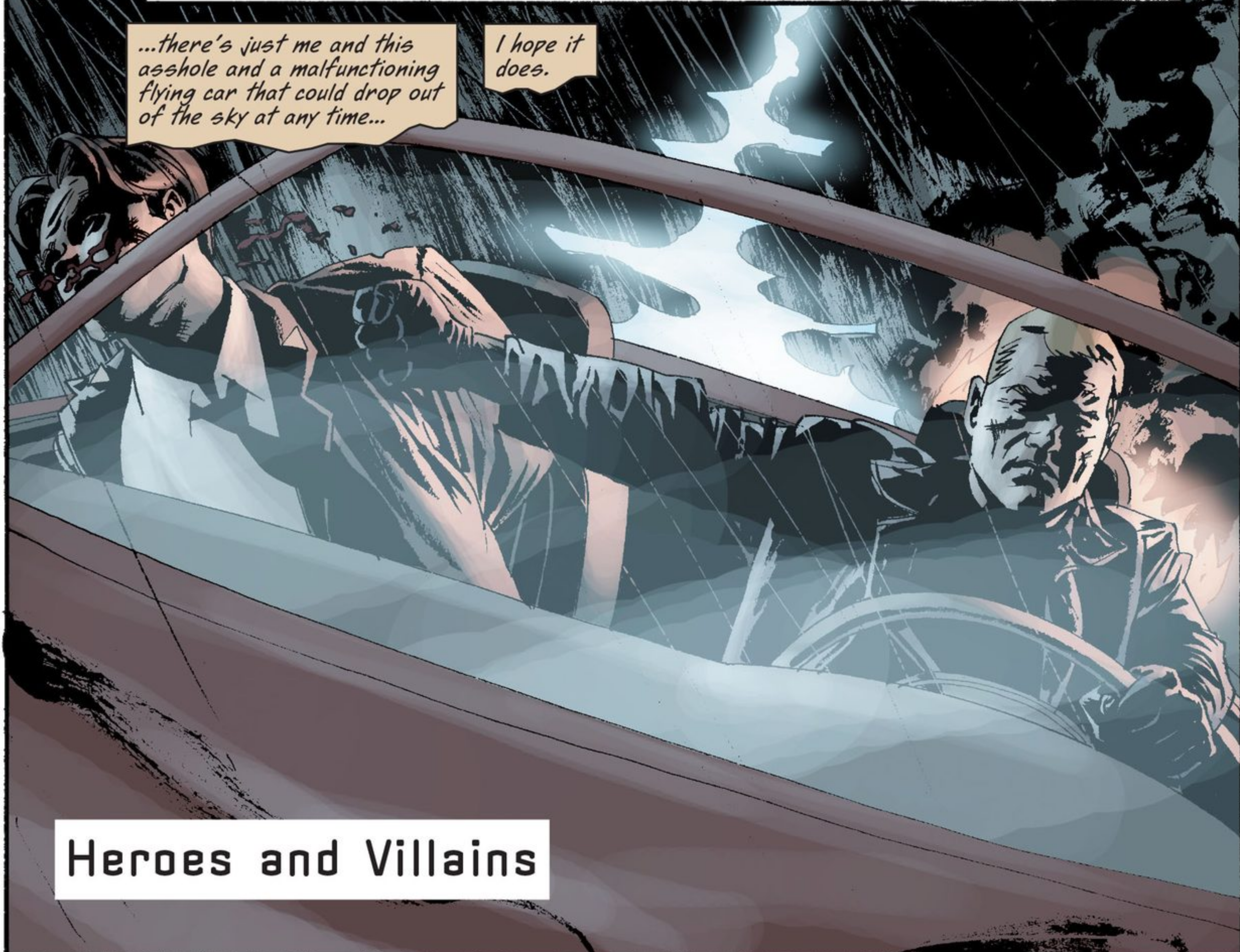
SO IS THE PLAN TO KILL THE BOTH OF US, THEN, HOLDEN? OR WOULD DROWNING EVEN KILL YOU?

DOES WHATEVER IT IS THAT'S *INSIDE* YOU NEED OXYGEN TO MAKE YOU KEEP WORKING?



...there's just me and this asshole and a malfunctioning flying car that could drop out of the sky at any time...

I hope it does.



Heroes and Villains



IS THAT *SATISFYING*?
BEATING A DEFENSELESS
CAPTIVE?



YOU HAVEN'T BEEN
DEFENSELESS ONE DAY
IN YOUR TINY PIECE OF
SHIT *LIFE*, TAO...

NOT AS LONG
AS YOU WERE
TALKING.



AND YET
HERE WE
ARE.



THAT'S RIGHT. YOU'RE STUCK
WITH THE ONLY PERSON LEFT
IN THIS WORLD YOU CAN'T
MANIPULATE...



AND EVEN IF YOU
COULD...THERE'S
NOTHING LEFT TO
OFFER ME, IS
THERE?

IT IS A
PREDICAMENT,
I ADMIT.

THOUGH GRIEF
OFTEN LENDS ITSELF
TO MY SUBTLETIES...
BUT IN THIS CASE, I'M
AT A LOSS...

...AND I MUST SAY, IT
WORRIES ME, HOLDEN.
YOU'VE **ALWAYS** BEEN
RECKLESS...BUT JUST
LOOK AT YOURSELF.

I MIGHT JUST
CRASH US RIGHT
INTO A FUCKING
BUILDING IF YOU
DON'T LEARN TO
SHUT UP. HOW
ABOUT **THAT**?

WHAT ARE YOU
EVEN GOING TO
DO HERE? DO YOU
EVEN KNOW?

LYNCH? IT'S
ME...NO,
YOU--YOU...

GOD DAMN
IT. SHUT THE
FUCK UP AND
LISTEN, OLD
MAN.

YOU LISTEN TO
ME THIS TIME...
THAT'S **RIGHT**...

OH, I'VE **GOT** HIM,
BUT YOU CAN FUCK
YOURSELF IN THE
ASS IF YOU THINK I'M
FOLLOWING **ANY** OF
OUR PREVIOUS
ARRANGEMENTS.

...NO, WE'RE
DOING THIS **MY**
WAY NOW, OR NOT
AT ALL...**'CAUSE** I
JUST DON'T CARE
ANYMORE.



ARE YOU
ALRIGHT?

I'M FINE, JUST STAY
THE FUCK BACK!

HOLDEN,
THERE'S NO
NEED FOR--

STAY THE FUCK AWAY
FROM ME UNTIL I SEE IF
YOU'VE FOLLOWED MY
INSTRUCTIONS.

I FOLLOWED THEM
TO THE **LETTER**,
HOLDEN...

THERE'S NO ONE HERE
BUT A FEW OF THE
MEDICAL STAFF AND
THE **CREATURE**.

THE
CREATURE...?
WHAT **IS** THIS
PLACE?



LOOK AT
THAT BIG BRAIN
WORKING...TRYING
TO FIGURE A
WAY OUT.



THIS IS AN I.O.
SCIENTIFIC **RESEARCH**
FACILITY, TAO...MUCH
THE SAME AS OPTIGEN,
THE PLACE WHERE YOU
WERE GIVEN YOUR
UNHOLY BIRTH.



BECAUSE YOU'RE
ALL ABOUT BEING
HOLY, IS THAT
RIGHT?



BOTH OF
YOU, SHUT THE
FUCK UP. THIS
ISN'T ABOUT **YOU**
ANYMORE.

SO SHUT
THE **FUCK**
UP.



THERE'RE
HOLDING CELLS
HERE?

OF
COURSE.



THEN
LET'S GO.



DO THEY HAVE THE
ROOM *PREPPED*?
ARE THEY READY
FOR ME?

YES, BUT...
HOLDEN, *LISTEN*,
THERE'S--

OH, THIS
OUGHT TO BE
GOOD.

I WARNED
YOU HE'D HAVE
SOME FINAL TIDBIT
HELD BACK.

LIKE I
NEEDED YOU TO
TELL ME THAT.

WHAT IS IT,
LYNCH?

THE ALIEN, HE'S NOT
CERTAIN HE CAN SAFELY
REMOVE THE DEVICE
FROM INSIDE YOU.

HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY
IS DIFFERENT THAN THEIRS...
AND WELL, THERE'S A DECENT
CHANCE YOU COULD *DIE* ON
THE OPERATING TABLE.

GOOD.



NO, *NOT* GOOD, AGENT.

DON'T CALL ME THAT. I *DON'T* WORK FOR YOU. NOT FOR A LONG TIME NOW.



SHUT THE FUCK UP, YOU GOD-DAMN PSYCHO!



OOOHH... THE PUPIL OUTGROWS THE MASTER.



HOLDEN, LISTEN TO ME. I KNOW WHAT HAPPENED, AND I'M SORRY.

I *TRIED* TO KEEP VERONICA AWAY FROM THIS MESS. I DID EVERYTHING I *COULD*, BUT...

SHUT THE FUCK UP!



...THERE'S NO REASON TO THROW EVERYTHING AWAY LIKE THIS.

YOU HAVEN'T *LEFT ME* ANYTHING TO THROW AWAY, OLD MAN.



OKAY. I
MANIPULATED
YOU, YES...BUT
LOOK WHAT WE'VE
ACCOMPLISHED
TOGETHER
BECAUSE
OF IT.



WE'VE
BROUGHT DOWN ONE
OF THE WORLD'S MOST
WANTED TERRORISTS,
HOLDEN.

THAT
HAS TO MEAN
SOMETHING
TO YOU.

NO, IT
DOESN'T.



THIS BASTARD WAS JUST
A TICKET **OUT**...BUT
THERE'S NO **POINT**
ANYMORE, IS THERE?

THERE'S NO
OUT NOW FOR
GRETCHEN...

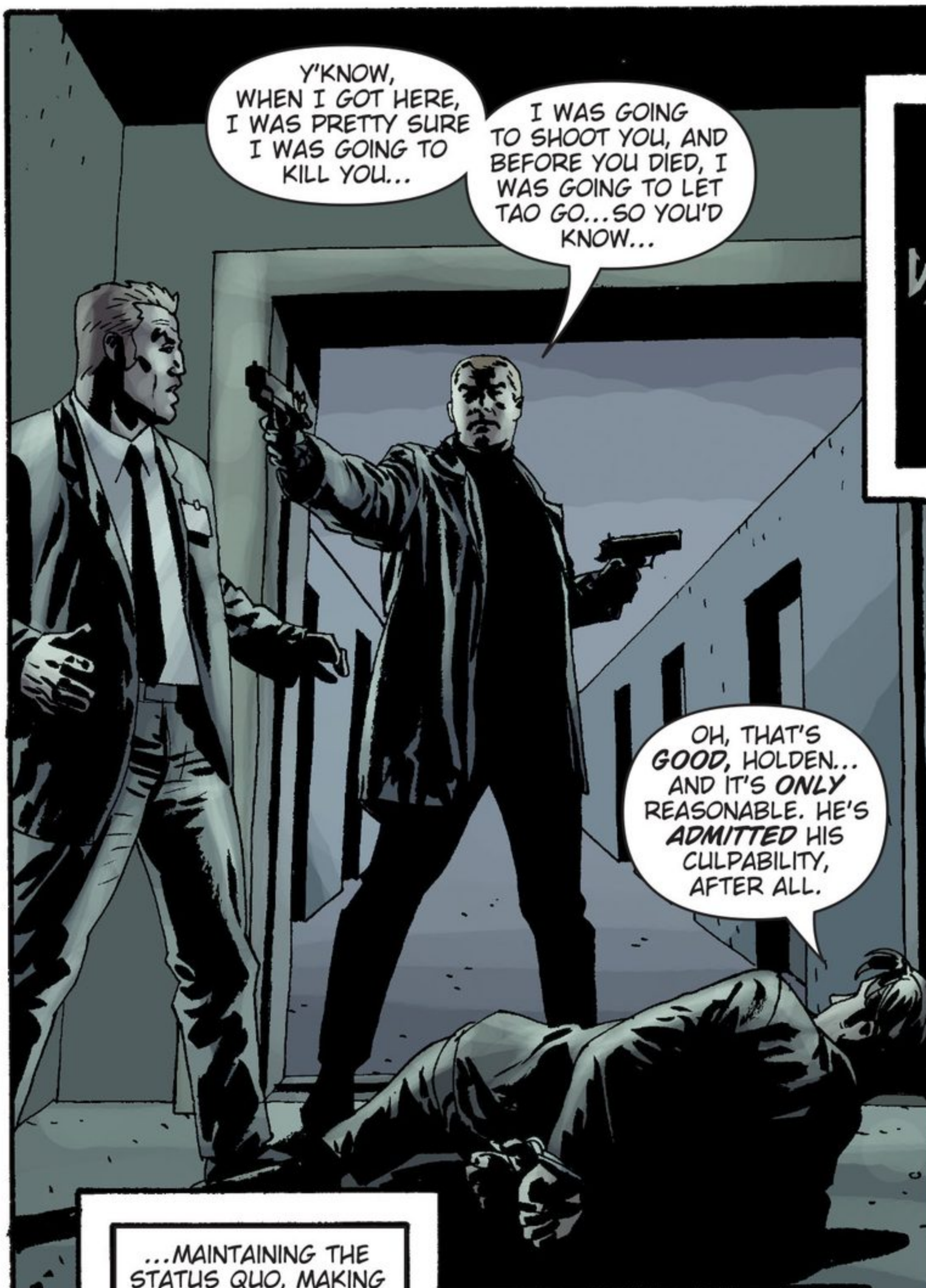


SHE NEVER
WANTED AN OUT,
HOLDEN. YOU
KNOW THAT. SHE
WAS--



DON'T EVEN THINK
ABOUT FINISHING THAT
SENTENCE. YOU DON'T KNOW
A **THING** ABOUT HER.

YOU DON'T KNOW
WHAT REAL LOVE AND
SACRIFICE ARE, LYNCH,
BUT SHE DID.



Y'KNOW,
WHEN I GOT HERE,
I WAS PRETTY SURE
I WAS GOING TO
KILL YOU...

I WAS GOING
TO SHOOT YOU, AND
BEFORE YOU DIED, I
WAS GOING TO LET
TAO GO... SO YOU'D
KNOW...

OH, THAT'S
GOOD, HOLDEN...
AND IT'S **ONLY**
REASONABLE. HE'S
ADMITTED HIS
CULPABILITY,
AFTER ALL.



WHAT
DID I TELL
YOU?



HOLDEN--

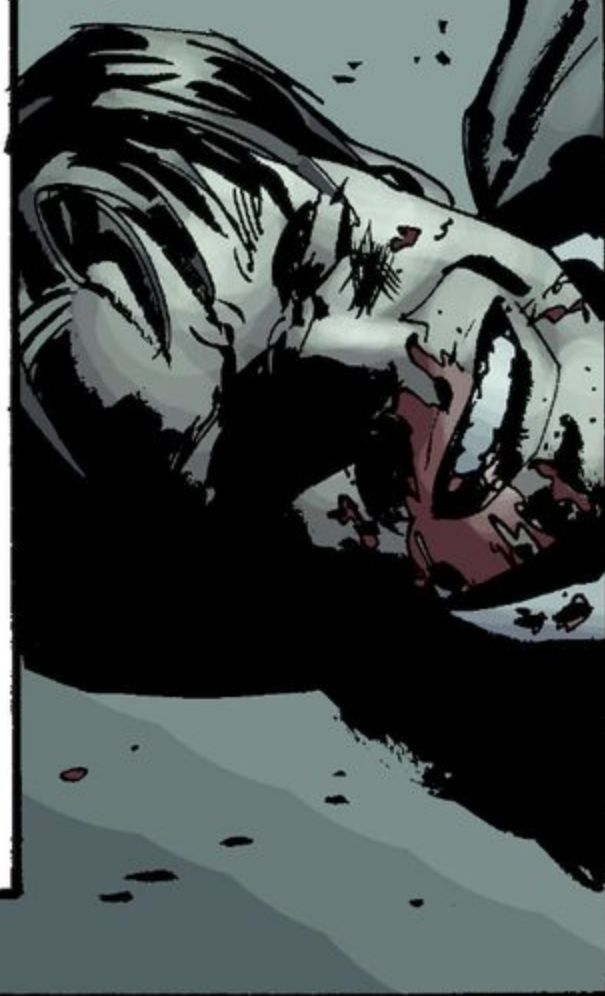
BUT YOU
KNOW **WHAT**?
THAT'S BETTER
THAN YOU
DESERVE.

YOU DESERVE
TO STAY **RIGHT**
HERE, TRAPPED
IN THIS SELF-
PERPETUATING
HELL OF SECRETS
AND SUPER-
POWERS...

...MAINTAINING THE
STATUS QUO, MAKING
SURE THE **RESET**
BUTTON GETS HIT
EVERY TIME
SOMETHING GOES
WRONG...



YOU TWO,
YOU **DESERVE**
EACH OTHER.



BUT
ME, ALL I
DESERVE
IS--

NO!



--THIS.

BLAM

HOLDEN!
NO! WHAT
DID YOU--

YAAUUGHH!

NICELY DONE, HOLDEN... I
COULDN'T'VE PLANNED THAT
MOVE BETTER MYSELF.

YOU'RE REALLY
BECOMING
QUITE THE--

TAO, I *KNOW* YOU'RE
NOT A FOOL, SO DON'T
PLAY ME FOR ONE.
IT'S OVER.

AND YOU HAVE TO KNOW
THERE'S *NOTHING* YOU
CAN SAY TO SAVE
YOURSELF...

What'll it be, two hours, by the time Lynch wakes up? By the time his people figure out where he is?

By then it'll be too late. It'll be done.



COMMANDER LYNCH? SIR?

...I'M FINE... I'M--



OH GOD...



WHERE IS HE?

SIR?

TAO! WHERE THE HELL IS TAO?



They'll follow the trail of blood to the holding cells.

And Lynch'll see...



...that I did him one last favor, for old times' sake.

HE'S
HERE, SIR. IN
CELL 3.

NO! KEEP AWAY
FROM HIM! HE'S
DANGEROUS!

DON'T
LET HIM
TALK!

I DON'T THINK
THAT'S GONNA
BE A **PROBLEM**,
COMMANDER.

MMRRAAAHHH

LOOKS LIKE
SOMEBODY
RIPPED HIS
TONGUE
RIGHT OUT.

Of course, knowing
Tao, it'll probably
grow back...but it
was worth it just
for the look on
his face.

Him realizing
I was smart
enough to
disarm him
properly.

Then Lynch'll realize where I am, but there won't be anything he can do.

The alien was reluctant, as were the medical help...

...but I managed to convince them.

The alien was right. It wasn't simple, and it's the most painful thing I've ever felt. I don't care. I embrace it.

I'll take whatever I can get.

THERE ARE/WERE COMPLICATIONS, LYNCH MAN. HE/THEY WOULD NOT LISTEN/HEAR.

WILL HE SURVIVE?

IT IS/WAS NOT FOR I/WE TO KNOW/SAY.

SOMEBODY WHO SPEAKS **ENGLISH** TELL ME WHETHER MY MAN IS GOING TO BE **ALRIGHT** OR NOT!

WE DON'T KNOW, SIR...WE'VE GOT HIM **STABILIZED**, BUT WE SIMPLY **DON'T KNOW**...

DAMN IT, HOLDEN... WHAT'VE YOU DONE TO YOURSELF?

THREE
WEEKS
LATER...

I'M FINE,
LYNCH...WHAT'S WITH
THIS NURSEMAID ROUTINE?
FINALLY COMIN' OUTTA THE
CLOSET AFTER ALL
THESE YEARS?

I'M JUST--
JUST...

I THINK
I'M GETTING
TOO OLD
FOR THIS,
COLE...

THIS IS
ABOUT THAT
CARVER KID,
ISN'T IT?

DON'T BEAT YOURSELF UP,
MAN. HE WAS A FUCKING
LEGACY. IF ANYONE KNEW
THE SCORE ABOUT YOU,
IT WAS HIM.

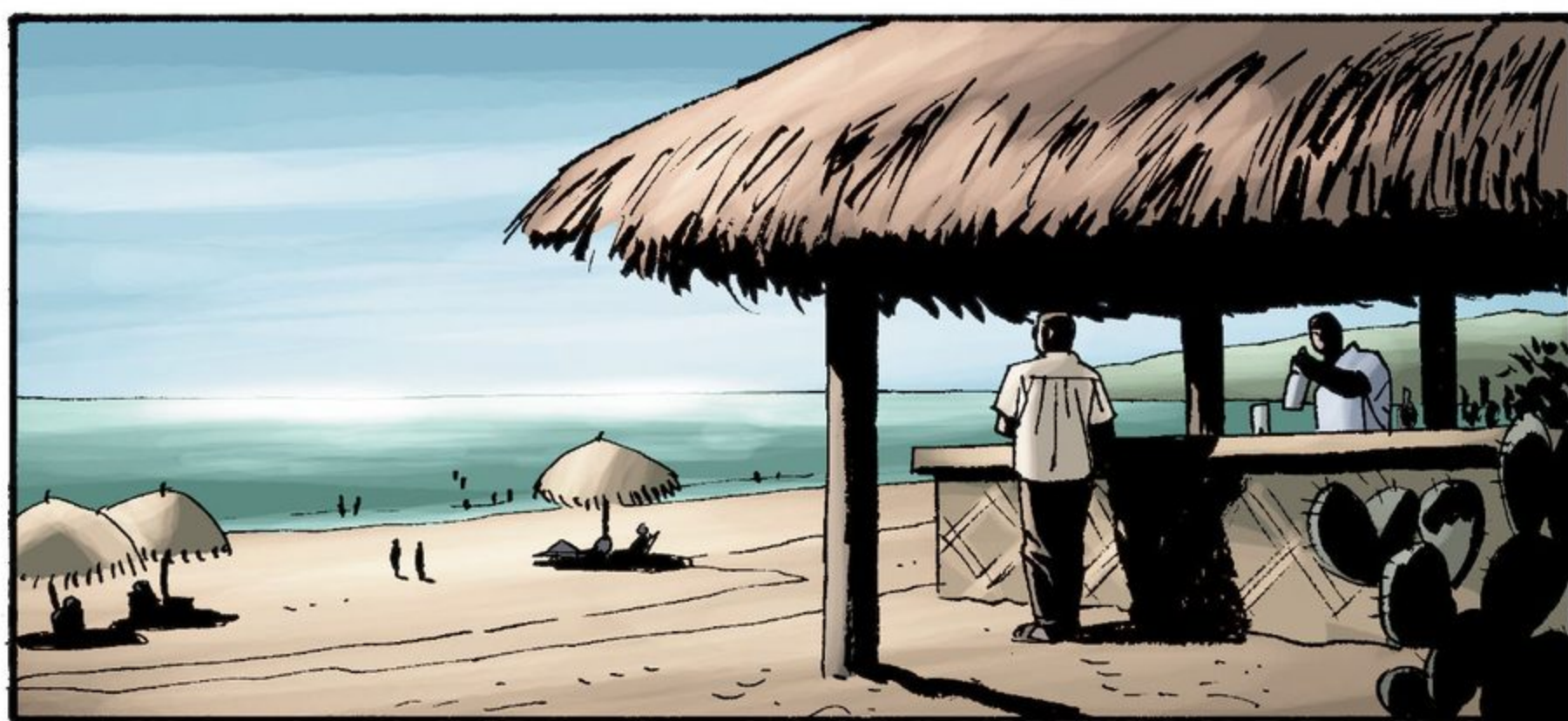
I SUPPOSE.
STILL...THIS ONE,
HE HAD **SUCH**
POTENTIAL.

OH, I **GET** IT...
YOU'RE MAD 'CAUSE
HE OUT-PLAYED YOU.
FOUND A WAY OUTTA
YOUR GRIP.

THAT *MAY*
BE PART
OF IT...

So, the question
you're asking is--

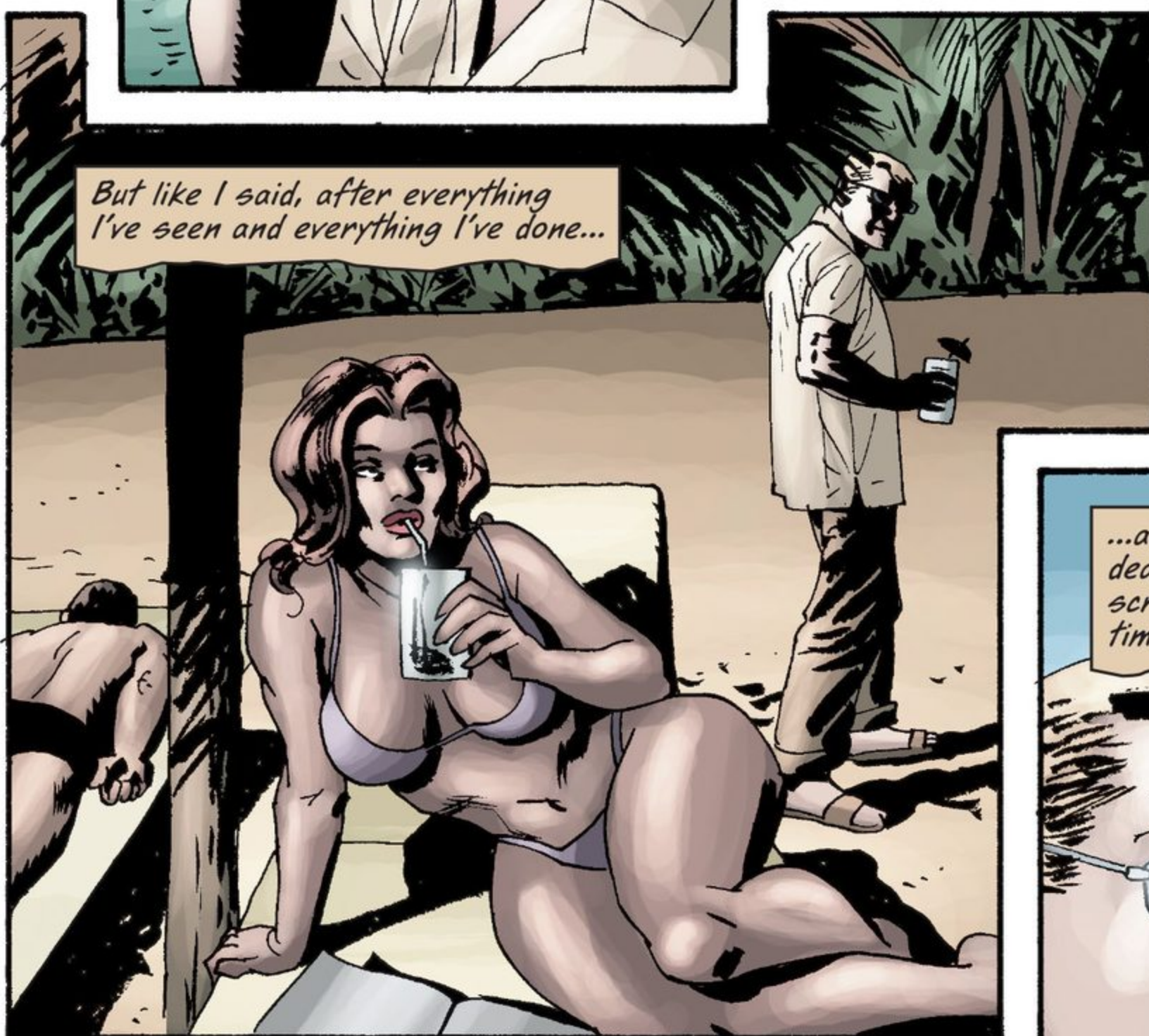
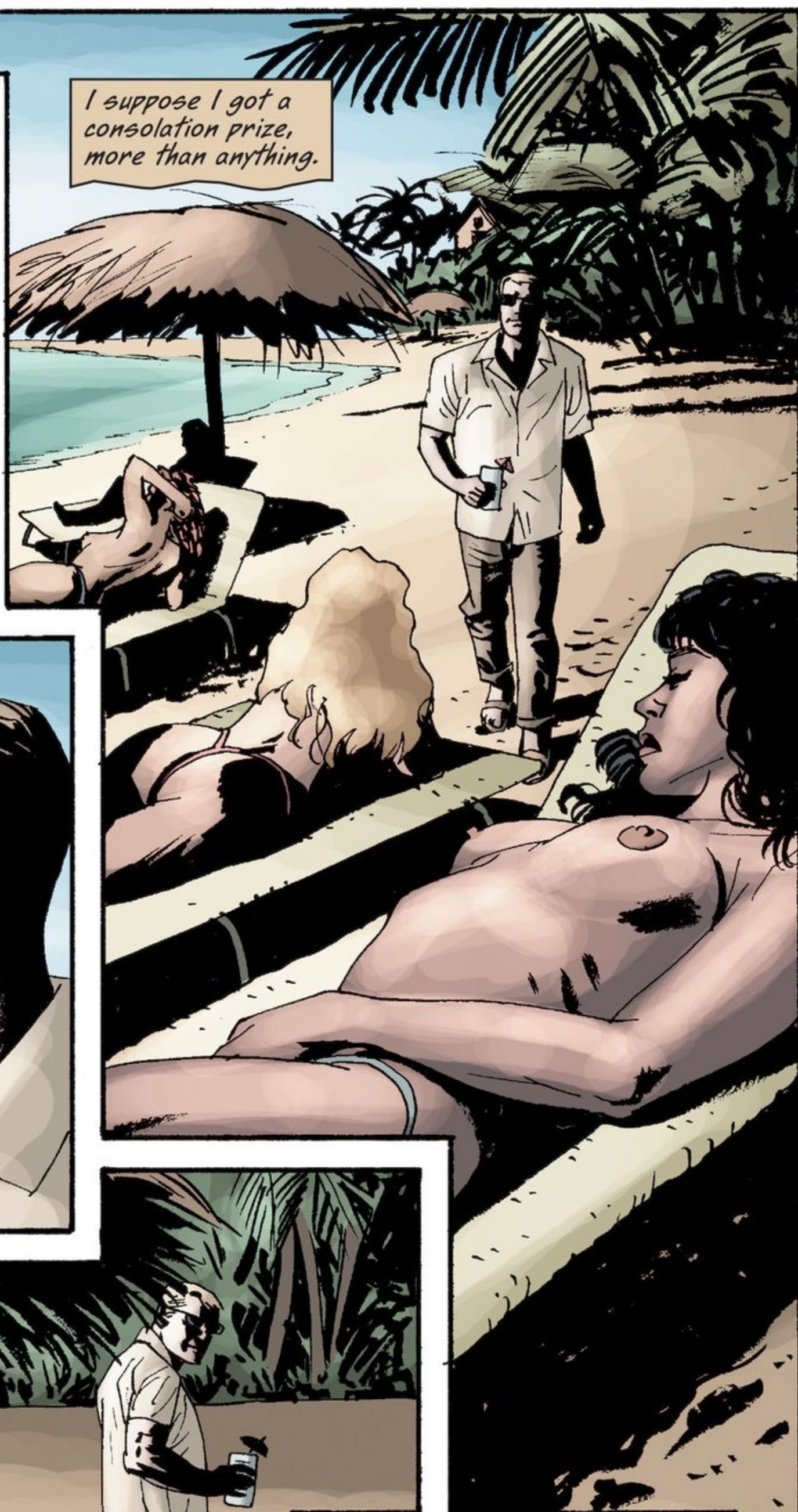
--did I make
it out ALIVE?



Shit, do any of
us EVER, really?

HERE YOU GO,
HOLDEN... PUT IT
ON YOUR TAB?





...after all the blood on my hands, all the things I'll never really escape from...

I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO JOIN US. THE WATER'S AMAZING...

HOLDEN!

JUST HAVE TO WAIT TWENTY MINUTES FOR MY MANHATTAN TO SETTLE.

MANHATTANS... JESUS WEPT, HOLDEN, YOU KNOW THAT'S A *GIRL'S* DRINK, RIGHT?

OH I KNOW, GRETCHEN... I JUST DON'T CARE.

...I'll take whatever I can get.

